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GIFTS FOR CHRISTMAS

Our effort this year has resulted in placing one of of best and most extensive stocks ever shown in Kingston.

We have selected everything with the care that comes from long experience.

We guarantee all goods we sell and comparison of qualities will show you that we can make your dollar go further everytime.

An Umbrella makes an acceptable gift. We show some choice designs of Handles from

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Ladies' High Cut Felt Slippers, fur trimmed, leather soles, 85c.

Same kind in better quality, $1.

Red, blue, Black, $1.25.

A cheaper grade leather and felt soles, in red, brown

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Slippers to select from.

t Shoe Store.

SECOND SECTION. PAGES 9 TO 16.

The Daily British Whig

YEAR 74. KINGSTON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1907.

Though every nation has its special holidays and celebrations, Christmas is the one holiday that nearly the entire world celebrates. Much as this day of rejoicing means to the grown-up, it is, above all else, a children's day. When the glad Christmas chimes ring out millions of little folks the world over rejoice and are happy.

Though Germany is supposed to be the home of the tree and Santa Claus, it is in the north countries Sunderkloas first appears. In Norway, Sweden, and Denmark the little folk celebrate his coming for fifteen days. The thought of his coming creates a feeling of good fellowship, resulting in much visiting back and forth, dancing and laughter. The children keep the postman busy mailing their letters, for thousands of children send letters to Sunderkloas, telling him just what they want. Though their lists are often long, they are careful to explain that if he cannot bring them everything, they would like certain things very much, and their parents will look after the rest. On Christmas eve the household are gathered in the best parlor, waiting his coming impatiently. In the smallest village the church chimes are heard ringing merrily. Inside the family forms a circle and sing Christmas carols. Anxious to make a great noise, the younger children join in with wind instruments.

A sudden knock tells them he is there. Some rush up to help him off with his fur coat and others assist him to unload his toys. Every little girl and boy expects a pair of skates. In no other country is skating finer, and the children skate so much that they need a new pair every season. They expect caps, hoods and mittens—these are so necessary in a cold climate. They are fond of pets. A gift of a kitten or a bird is prized greatly, and if they cannot have a real horse, a wooden rocking-horse is a satisfactory substitute. When Sunderkloas cannot come he sends his presents on a goat. The goat kicks, and thus scatters the presents on the floor.

In Norway it is customary to make the very birds share in the Christmas gladness. For this purpose a tree is planted in front of every house, hung with herbs and boxes containing tempting seeds, so that the little feathered guests may feast and eat their fill.

When Sunderkloas leaves Norway and Sweden he goes to Holland. He always reaches that country on the 5th, instead of the 25th. However cold it is on that day, there is never a fire burning on the hearth, for here he usually comes down the tall chimney, instead of knocking at the door. The children are gathered near the grate, vieing with one another to see who will catch the first glimpse of him. Before he unties his bundle he is pretty sure to ask how the children have behaved themselves during the winter. They are dreadfully disappointed if they are not given a kite. Kites mean much to Dutch children, for the winds are strong in Holland, and there is a large sweep of land. In Southern Holland the little girls prefer go-carts to sleds, because their brothers can pull them to school. The children in Holland are as practical as their parents, and they prefer caps and clogs to toys.

Before Santa Claus goes to Switzerland and England he makes a flying trip back home to Germany. He has had thousands of children writing for trees, and toys; he has sent his helpers to Northern Germany for trees and to Munich and Nuremburg for toys. In the great forests men are busy for days cutting down the trees. They are distributed some days before Christmas. The children do not dare to peep into the rooms, for they are certain their inquisitiveness will keep Santa Claus away. Every home, whether a castle or a hut, will want a Christmas tree. It is sure to be trimmed with many candles, gold balls, candies and cakes made to resemble queer-looking men.

It is the custom for large families to gather at grandmother's. They have a large dinner with wine, plenty of cake, apples and nuts. After dinner they rush to the parlor door, which is now unlocked, and as they catch a glimpse of the many brilliant lights, they examine the tree carefully but they do not touch it until Santa really appears. When they hear the merry jingle and the clatter of reindeers' hoofs they form a circle and sing those verses dear to every German child's heart, "O Tannenbaum."

Santa Claus makes haste to pile the gifts at the foot of the tree; he has so many little ones to visit he dare not take time to hang them up. He hastens on and the children spend the evening finding their gifts and admiring those of their brothers, sisters and cousins. The little boys write to Santa Claus for great soldier's caps, guns and tin soldiers, but their sisters ask for dolls and buggies for their little ones. In Germany Christmas eve is children's eve, and not a child will go to bed until every candle burns low. In some places the candles are kept lighted for two or three days. But Santa Claus does not forget the little folks in the coldest, most far-out-of-the-way places. Every year he makes a flying trip through the mountains. The mountaineers come down into the villages and await his coming. When not playing the children are busy eating cookies, candies, nuts and other goodies, scarce during the rest of the time. The children do not sit up to see Santa Claus; they fear that if they are too curious he will not come. In some of the homes he finds Christmas trees on which to place the toys. Long before sunrise the children are up, busy with their stockings. They all expect to find a pair of skates, a mountain stick and a sled, and whatever else their good friend is kind enough to bring. If it were not for the Christmas gifts winter days in the dreary mountain villages would become very tedious.

Nowhere does Christmas wear a more solemn tone than in Italy. The churches are all lighted and decorated, and the little folks also go to midnight mass to give thanks. On the way they stop to gaze at the brilliant stalls, decorated with candles, lanterns and bright-colored papers. They will not move on until their parents consent to buy them a wax bambino and some sugared hearts. Toward midnight one sees hundreds of women and children walking along lonely country roads going to mass, and the great cathedrals in Rome, Florence and Venice are thronged with worshippers.

Returning, the children hasten home and hang up their stockings, so they may be tight asleep when Santa Claus comes. They are sure to find plenty of confetti and sweetmeats and toys. It is a custom for the royal children to drive about Christmas morning, leaving toys and good things for the poor. Children of the wealthy follow their thoughtful example. They make a great effort to provide the many poor children with clothes, stockings and chicken, a rare treat among the Italian peasants.

New Year is the great holiday in France, though Santa Claus does not neglect them. Fir trees are very scarce, so only a fortunate few get trees laden with toys, but the toys are so wonderful and beautiful they compensate in no small part. Several weeks before Christmas thousands of children visit the shops to see the toys. There are rooms fitted up especially for the little folks. Here they see wonderful dolls, houses fitted up as completely as a real house. Dolls —beautiful dolls and dressed in the latest fashions. Their gowns are as elegant as though they were made by Paquin and Doucet. The mechanical toys include every kind, from a complete train running on a track to looping the loop. There are airships, balloons, express waggons, trunks, dolls, trousseaus and what not.

From then until Christmas eve they wonder what their toys will be, and have many delightful day dreams thinking of the beautiful toys they have seen. Christmas Eve the children go to bed very early, for they believe that Santa Claus will not bring his toys if he finds them awake. They place their stocking on the mantel, and however much noise they hear in the night they do not stir. In the morning they are up early, to find plenty of candy in their stockings, a doll for the girls, and interesting mechanical toys for the boys. As the hour of twelve approaches they rush to the churches. Immediately after they go to the restaurants, or to their homes for boullion.

The English are wonderfully enthusiastic about the Christmas celebration. The bakers and mammas are busy for days making plum cakes and tarts. The children are quite as busy writing Santa Claus letters, anxious to let him know what they want. On Christmas Eve there is always a great family dinner, with plenty of turkey cider and plum cake. Dinner over, they gather in the parlor and get their first glance of the brilliantly lighted tree. Christmas trees are very plentiful in England, and some are very tall. The children show their gratitude by singing many beautiful carols. When Santa Claus appears he unloads his toys, and they then often dance round him in a circle. In some of the smaller towns the children go through the streets singing beautiful carols. Others dressed as mummers knock at friends' doors and play all sorts of pranks.

Though Santa Claus visits little folks in every part of the world, he does not forget his little American friends. He sees they are well provided with Christmas trees, dolls, buggies, horses and everything dear to a boy's heart. In every city throughout the country the Christmas chimes bring words of greeting and love to all mankind, though the sound of these bells means most to the little folks, who are all eagerness to see what Santa Claus has brought them.

TURMOIL IN PORTUGAL: A SERIOUS REVOLUTION IMPENDING.

King Carlos of Portugal

Queen of Portugal

Royal Palace at Lisbon

Crown Prince

Senor Franco Prime Minister

The movement against absolutism in Portugal has assumed such dimensions that the country, according to Madrid telegrams, is on the brink of revolution. The Portuguese authorities are rigorously censoring all telegrams, but news has reached Madrid that many Monarchists have deserted King Charles, and that the army reservists have been mobilized, in anticipation of a conflict with the revolutionaries.

It is even declared that the Lisbon garrison and the crews of the warships in the harbor have mutinied. The prisons are filled with political suspects, and the government is utilizing two transports in the harbor and a cruiser as prison ships.

Meanwhile, the king remains in his palace, guarded by loyal troops; the crown prince is exiled at Villa Vicosa because he suggested that his father should either abolish the dictatorship or abdicate, and Prince Miguel of Braganza, the Portuguese pretender, who is in Austria, is closely following the situation, hoping that the overthrow of the present government may bring him to the throne.

Madrid, Dec. 14.—The news from Portugal is increasingly grave, and there is every indication that the country is on the brink of revolution.

It has been rumored here since yesterday morning that both the Lisbon garrison and the crews of the Portuguese squadron now lying in the Tagus have mutinied and joined the revolutionaries. Confirmation is impossible, because of the rigorous measures adopted by the Portuguese government to prevent news being sent abroad.

The report of the mutiny in the fleet was first published by the Madrid journal El Mundo, and afterwards repeated in trustworthy political circles. Telegrams are said to have been received from the Spanish minister at Lisbon emphasizing the gravity of the situation.

According to the Liberal, all the reservists have been called out, and the situation is described as untenable. The Liberal insists that the crown prince was banished from Lisbon to Villa Vicosa because the prince urged his father either to abolish the present dictatorship or abdicate in his favor. The prince is said to have the support of a number of revolutionary leaders as well as the conservatives.

According to an uncensored letter just received via Badajoz, many monarchists who have hitherto upheld King Charles' policy are now deserting him and joining the conservatives, who demand the abolition of the dictatorship.

The conservatives are thus increasing rapidly in power, and a decisive move is imminent.

The palace at Lisbon is surrounded by loyal troops. King Charles is practically a prisoner, having been advised not to go into the city during the present unrest.

Business in the capital is at a standstill. Hundreds of arrests have been made by the authorities. The civil and military prisons are full, and it is rumored that political suspects are now being quartered on two old transports in the Tagus.

A number of wealthy business men are sending their families to Madrid, in anticipation of rioting, and refugees are crossing the frontier daily.

Ten daily newspapers have been suppressed in Lisbon and Oporto for attempting to publish accounts of the unrest and the progress of the republican movement. Six of these journals are monarchist and the other four republican.

The Official Gazette contains two important decrees dealing with the unrest. The first has prolonged the restrictive measures against the press, which became operative last June. The second creates an extraordinary tribunal for dealing summarily with revolutionaries.

This tribunal is composed of a judge of the Lisbon criminal court and two associates, and is authorized to try, without a jury, any person accused of plots against the government.

Every foreign telegram leaving Portugal is carefully examined, and those dealing with political events unfavorable to the government are suppressed. Many ordinary commercial messages, not in cipher, have been held up as well, thus causing serious inconvenience.

Rheumatic Poison Neutralized.

Rheumatism has one cause only—uric acid. If this acid can be neutralized and expelled from the system and the formation of an excess of it be stopped a cure must result. It is as certain a result as that water will put out fire. Years of experience have shown that Dr. Hall's Rheumatic Cure has this power to neutralize and expell uric acid. It cures cases of the longest standing with surprising quickness. It cures permanently. Ten days' treatment. Price 50c., at Wade's Drug Store.

A Clean Record.

Toledo Blade.

"There is a friend of mine," says Prof. Lorimer, Toledo's veteran educator, who believes in corporal punishment, "who is raising a family of six boys with the help of moral suasion. The mild little chap argued about the matter the other night at the club. 'And do you believe,' said I, 'that moral suasion is better than corporal punishment for big, husky chaps like yours?' 'Yes,' said my friend. 'And do you mean to say that you never whipped your boys?' 'As true as I sit here,' my friend declared earnestly. 'I have never struck one of my children except in self-defence.'"

Inducement Pressed Home.

New York Times.

A tattered, forlorn miss of fifteen summers, entered the office of a young real estate man the other day. Ordinarily he is the politest of individuals but this day he was so busy that he didn't know "where he was at."

So, with a quick glance out of the corner of his eye, he said rather sharply:

"Well, what do you want?"

"P-p-p-please, mister, won't you buy a ticket on our cookoo clock?"

replied the girl hesitatingly.

"Buy a ticket on your cookoo clock? What the dickens would I do with a cookoo clock if I should get it?"

"Oh, you won't get it, mister. Please buy a ticket."

He bought.

Sores Inside The Nose.

The lining of the nose will crack, grow very sore and irritating. Nothing soothes away the trouble like anointing with Dr. Hamilton's Ointment. Rub it on thoroughly, and new skin forms at once. For any sore, cut or irritation, you'll find Dr. Hamilton's Ointment best of all. Try a 50c. box.

Same Old Mother.

"Now, Jamie," said a school teacher, "if there were only one pie for dessert and there were only five of you children and papa and mamma to divide it among, how large a piece would you get?"

"One-sixth," replied Jamie promptly.

"But there would be seven people there, Jamie. Don't you know how many times seven goes into one?"

"Yes'm—and I know my mother. She'd say she wasn't hungry for pie that day. I'd get one-sixth."

Waiting.

Jones—What are you going to give your wife for a Christmas present?

Brown—She hasn't told me yet.

Sour Stomach

"I used Cascarets and feel like a new man. I have been a sufferer from dyspepsia and sour stomach for the last two years. I have been taking medicine and other drugs, but could find no relief only for a short time. I will recommend Cascarets to my friends as the only thing for indigestion and sour stomach and to keep the bowels in good condition. They are very nice bonbons."
Harry Stuckley, Mauch Chunk, Pa.

Best for The Bowels
Cascarets
CANDY CATHARTIC
THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken or Gripe, 10c, 25c, 50c. Sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C C C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.
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